

It Has The
Circulation

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"IT PRINTS THE NEWS"

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REMAINS OF RAMSON LEWIS ARE LAID TO REST WHILE FIREBELLS TOLL THE SAD TCCSIN AND FIREMEN AND FRIENDS GATHER AROUND HIS OPEN GRAVE.

Mayor Kern Delivers Impressive Funeral Oration in Which the Dead Man is Eulogized and Classified as a Hero—Police and Fire Departments of Cities Compared With Army and Navy—Acts of Self-Sacrifice and Bravery Performed Daily by Officers in Cities Which Compare With the Proudest Deeds of Valor Performed on Fields of Battle by Soldiers—Mayor Says Lewis Was a Model Citizen and an Ideal Fireman.

In the course of his remarks at the funeral of Ramson Lewis, the dead fireman, who was killed in an accident last Monday night, Mayor Fred J. Kern said:

"We are assembled at this open grave into which the coffin of our departed friend has just been lowered for its final and everlasting rest, to pay the tribute of our love and the proper reverence for Ramson Lewis, the dead fireman. He died at the post of his duty. His life was the price and toll which he contributed that the lives and property of others might be more secure in Belleville. It was the most precious thing he had and he gave it freely and without flinching.

We sometimes read of valorous deeds in war, of men who stand in my respect and admiration for the brave and heroic deeds of the soldiers of our republic. The men who offered everything they had, including their lives, on the altar of liberty and that the flag of the union might be kept unsoiled in the skies, are entitled to our profoundest gratitude and we owe them a debt which we can never pay. But peace has its victories as well as war. What the army and the navy and the life-saving crew is to the nation, the fire and police departments are to the many cities of our country. Deeds of heroic self-sacrifice, unselfish devotion, superhuman bravery, undiminished nerve, are performed every day by policemen and firemen in our municipalities which more than equal in valor and in risk the bravest deeds performed by uniformed and armed men on blood battlefields. The lot of the average policeman and fireman is a hard one, his job a thankless task.

"Ramson Lewis was an ideal fireman. He was appointed to his place on considerations of merit alone. He had no friends nor powerful influence to back up his claim and he did not need them. He was a man of heroic mold, a perfect specimen of strong and robust physical manhood. Powerful as a lion and active as a cat, he was endowed with a wealth of common sense and nature had given him a good and healthy brain. The word fear was not in his vocabulary. He had the nerve and pluck to go and do. He was honest and loyal, faithful and true. He thoroughly understood the chances and the risk he took when he became a fireman. He knew that that meant that he would have to give his life for others whenever it became necessary to pay the awful price. The thought of it sent no tremor through his manly and heroic soul. He lived heroically and resolutely he assumed the risk and likewise he went to his death.

"In his death Belleville loses a good fireman, but that is not all. A sorrowful widow has lost a kind and generous husband, and a prattling babe still at its mother's breast a noble father. Ramson Lewis was more than a good fireman, he was a good citizen. He shirked none of the duties of good citizenship. He met all of his obligations in a punctual and in a manly way. His tragic and untimely death is the saddest fact which has darkened my heart with melancholy in many a day.

"Ramson Lewis was what has been aptly described as God's noblest work

—an honest man. He fell under flying colors with his face towards the foe. He has heard and responded to the last ring of the gong. He answered his final call. Happy through out the day with the boys of the engine house, when he met his cheerful life, when he held his baby on his arm, little did he reckon that the shirt then on his back was his death shirt and that he was parting with his loved ones to meet them no more on this earth forever.

"His life was snuffed out without warning. From the mystery of life he passed into the mystery of death, without ministering priest to give him final unction, or loving hands to press his eyelids down. The wreck came when he was still in the morning of his life. He had not reached the noon when the sun stands in the zenith. His heart still throbbed with hope, with ambition, and the longest part of his career lay still before. The picture is dark. It is a tragedy and deep and horrible to contemplate.

"Yet, death will be the end of each and all of us who stand here now around this little grave lined with evergreens. The irrevocable fact of nature is change, and always change, and never-ending change. The seasons have their spring, their summer and their autumn, but then the winter comes. The trees bud and blossom and produce their seed, and then produce their kind, but then they wither and wither and fade and pass away. Death is the common heritage of the human race. It has been said that the king of shadows loves a shining mark. At any rate, the grim monster is always busy. The work of change is ever going on. The angel of death plucks here a near one, and there a dear one, here one we know and there a friend, but his work never stops, and our time too, will come when we will have to give the final accounting, sure as fate, whether our station be high or whether it be low. The facts of nature are the same.

"The power of heraldry, the pomp of power, And all that beauty, all that wealth ever gave, Await alike the inevitable hour. The path of glory leads but to the grave."

"You ask me what were his religious views, those of this dead friend and of this brave fireman who died with his boots on. I did not ask him and I do not know. Religion as measured by sect is largely coincident with us all, determined by the next instant of birth. If our parents had belonged to another church we could, but I have faith and I believe that Ramson Lewis had faith, and there are not many men who have none. I believe in the immortality of the soul. I believe in the fatherhood of God as I believe in the brotherhood of man. This man was my brother, and all men are my brothers as God is my father. I believe in a future life. I claim the same right to affirm which the irreverent have to deny. When the final muster roll is called in the life beyond in the visions which John at Patmos saw, Ramson Lewis will answer with the sainted and heroic dead who save their lives for others, who died for humanity, who sacrificed

themselves that we might have safer and better homes.

"On fame's eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread, And glory guards with solemn round The bivouac of the dead."

"And while we consign to their last resting place the earthly remains of Ramson Lewis, we will tuck away in a safe corner in the fire-proof archives of the city of Belleville, where it can never be destroyed, a little parchment scroll containing a record of his clean and noble life and of his tragic, his bloody and heroic death."

"To his mourning wife and to his little infant he leaves the legacy of a good name. To the rest of us he bequeaths a fitting example of indefatigable self-sacrifice, of faithful devotion, of meekness, of nerve and grit and resolution. We loved and honored him when he lived, we revere him now that he is dead. Words cannot express our feeling here today. There is no language spoken or written which can depict the awful gloom which has fallen on us and which surrounds us on account of this fearful tragedy."

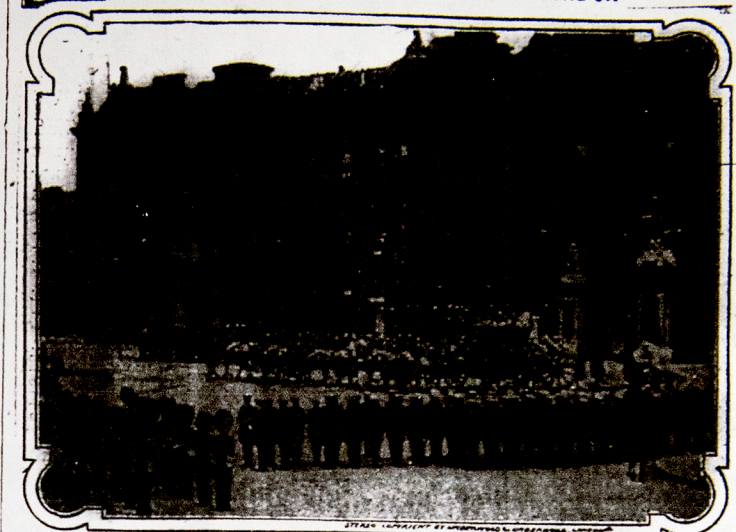
"We solemnly consign him to the earth from which he came. His troubles are over. His cares are at an end. May he sleep undisturbed and in everlasting peace."

The accident in which Ramson Lewis was killed occurred at a quarter to ten o'clock on Monday night. The alarm was turned in from the corner of Center and Union avenues. The fire was trivial and was extinguished with buckets shortly after it was started. It was in the territory of the West End department and the West End crew made the run with the big black horse recently purchased from old Dad Williams at Memphis Station.

When the department was crossing the Illinois Central tracks at the foot of the Henry Raab School at Union avenue it was overtaken by a south-bound passenger train, the engine of which struck the rear end of the truck, completely wrecking it and destroying it beyond the possibility of repair. The firemen were hurled in all directions like so many footballs, all of them landing safely except Ramson Lewis. Lewis was standing on the rear foot-board of the truck. He was next to the spring of the truck. The front part of the engine wedged Lewis' legs against the spring at points above the knee, cutting them off and throwing the injured fireman in a heap on the right of way of the railroad company about six or eight feet on the side of the narrow-gauge track.

Lewis was picked up unconscious and put into an ambulance and started for the hospital. He died on his way to the hospital. It is safe to say that the train was moving at a rate of 50 miles an hour when it collided with the truck. The engineer was unable to stop his engine until it passed over a distance of four long blocks away from the point at which the accident occurred. The horses were not injured, although the truck was completely torn off of them. They ran east on Union avenue with nothing of the truck hanging to them except the pole, and Albert Brenn-

ONE OF THE CORONATION SCENES IN LONDON



STATE COACH ARRIVING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER THE CEREMONY

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF ST. CLAIR COUNTY

WALTER D. SCHMITT, City Editor

THE WEATHER

Cooler, unsettled weather, with probably local thunderstorms this afternoon or tonight. Friday, fair and cooler.

The Temperature.

7 A. M.	84 ABOVE
9 A. M.	84 ABOVE
11 A. M.	80 ABOVE
1 P. M.	81 ABOVE
3 P. M.	82 ABOVE

Barometer.

7 A. M.	29.40
1 P. M.	29.42

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Belleville has visitors.

Chas. Leader, who lived at Sixth and Walnut streets, East St. Louis, was seized with cramps on Wednesday night while swimming in the Mississippi river and was drowned near the dump of the Higgins Ferry Company. He was 20 years old and unmarried.

He and several friends went into the water about 8 o'clock. He was swimming a little distance from the others, when he uttered a cry and went down. He came up twice, but although his companions attempted to rescue him, they were unable to do so. He was a good swimmer.

The funeral service was in progress the first bells on the two engine houses of the city, which were draped in deepest mourning, were tolled in honor of the dead fireman, and the steady and measured tolling of these bells added materially to the solemnity of the occasion.

The funeral cortege was headed by Fire Chief Frank R. Dinges of Belleville and Fire Chief Tobin of East St. Louis in the rig of Mr. Dinges. The East St. Louis department showed up nobly and participated in the solemn ceremony. The following firemen from East St. Louis were present: Chief M. J. Tobin, Charles Ripley, F. Lutzner, Wm. Hennessy, H. Langford, Wm. Mannion, N. Welsh, H. Langman, J. D. Boehmer, L. Denham, O. Volkmann, Chas. Denny, Chas. Herlig, Chas. Behmer and Fred. Ford.

FAYETTEVILLE MAN STRICKEN BY HEAT

Fred. Mueller Died Enroute to Doctor's Office--Was Stricken While Feeding a Threshing Machine on Ed. Hoff Farm.

Fred. Mueller, who would have been 40 years of age on July 9, died on Wednesday afternoon shortly after 3 o'clock as the result of a sunstroke.

Coroner Dr. E. E. Twitchell held an inquest on Wednesday night and the jury returned a verdict of death from sunstroke.

Mueller was a farm hand and was at the time of his death working for John Hoff, proprietor of a threshing outfit. The machine was in operation on the farm of Edward Hoff, near Fayetteville, and Mueller was engaged in feeding the machine when he became ill.

He informed his employer that he would have to give up work and start for his home. When he reached a point opposite the home of George Kirchbooster he collapsed. As he sank to the earth he called loudly for help and became unconscious.

Members of the Kirchbooster family hurried to where Mueller had been stricken, and, securing a vehicle, started with the man for the office of Dr. Lourey in Fayetteville. Mueller, however, died en route.

Mueller was a son of Mrs. Gertrude Mueller of Fayetteville, and besides his mother is survived by several brothers and sisters.

The funeral will be held in Fayetteville on Friday afternoon.

Alexander Veech of East St. Louis was also overcome by heat and died on Wednesday.

DROWNED IN RIVER

Chas. Leader, of East St. Louis, Seized With Cramps

Chas. Leader, who lived at Sixth and Walnut streets, East St. Louis, was seized with cramps on Wednesday night while swimming in the Mississippi river and was drowned near the dump of the Higgins Ferry Company. He was 20 years old and unmarried.

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GLASS BLOWERS HOME FOR SUMMER

John Ebert and family, Roy Gibbons and family and Edward Wunderle have returned from Newark, O., where they were employed in the glass plant. Patty Bauer is home from Pittsburgh, Pa., where he worked in the glass works.

For Rent!—Furnished rooms; all conveniences. 22 North Jackson St.

FORMER BELLEVILLEAN DIED IN ST. LOUIS

John Saul, 52 years old, a former resident of Belleville, died at his home, 3225 Bates street, St. Louis, on Wednesday.

Deceased was born in Belleville in 1859 and was married to Miss Mary Selmschneider here on June 28, 1883. The wife died six years ago. For two years Mr. Saul conducted the City Hotel on West Main street, this city.

He is survived by the following children: Mrs. Charles Becherer, Joseph, Fred, Clara, Lena and Mrs. Saul in St. Louis and sisters, Mrs. Henry Lingue in this city, and Mrs. Anna Saul and Mrs. Katie Kling in St. Louis.

The funeral will be held on Saturday morning at 9 o'clock at St. Cecilia Church, thence to SS Peter and Pauls Cemetery.

WURSTMARKT AND DANCE. AT BEN REISSER'S SALOON, 915 N. RICHLAND ST., SUNDAY NIGHT

DIED IN HOSPITAL

Sister Principals died at St. Elizabeth's Hospital on Wednesday night from paralysis of the heart. She was Miss Katharina Eberhardt and was born in Westphalia, Germany. She was 47 years of age.

The body will be shipped to Springfield, Ill., where the internment will take place.

A pair of perfectly fitted glasses to one of the real comforters of Ill. Graduate optician. Examination free. Walter I. Grah.